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AN ENGLISH PRIZE STORY. THE PARCHMENT ROLL.

BY MRS. GEOFFRY GRAHAM.

"It's a cruel shame, mother, that it is," cried Bernard Trevarne hotly.

"Father ought"—

"He is dead, dear; don't say a word against him now," said his mother, a hot flush spreading over her delicate wan-looking face.

Mr. Trevarne had been thrown from his horse a month before, and brought home in an unconscious state, only to linger a few days before being laid in the musty vault of his ancestors in Trevarne Church. Some hundred of years before the Trevarnes had been important people in Cornwall, owning most of the country around; but for some generations they had become poorer and poorer, and now, at his father's death, Bernard Trevarne, the only child, discovered, greatly to his surprise and sore grief, that the dilapidated old Manor House and its nine hundred acres were mortgaged far beyond their value. The lawyer had just left after telling mother and son that the mortgagees had finally decided to foreclose, and that they must leave within three months. There were long accumulations of interest due.

"I had not the remotest idea mother that there was a mortgage on the house and the little land that's left, had you?" Bernard asked after a few seconds pause.

"No dear, I had not. When I married your poor father it was unencumbered," she said tearfully.

It was bitter grief to her to know that her husband, during his long absences in London, had gambled away Bernard's inheritance.

"Of course, I've known we were poor, miserably poor," said Bernard, glancing round the faded shabby room, "but I thought that if father could be persuaded to give up the management of the land to me, I could make it pay."

"Poor Bernard," murmured his mother in a soft low voice.

"Poor mother," echoed her son. "I'm a selfish brute. I'm thinking only of myself and Alice, and you must feel leaving this old home as much or more than I do." He was a tall, broad shouldered, manly-looking fellow of twenty-four, fair and blue eyed, with a frank open expression.

The windows were wide open, and the room faced west, while the setting sun gleamed through them, revealing all its threadbare shabbiness.

The garden beyond was very neglected, but the wide borders were filled with a wealth of old-fashioned sweet-smelling flowers, sweet peas, mignonette, old man's love, and a host of others all mingled together, which wafted their odor into the room.

"I can go out west. There's plenty of scope always for a fellow in America," Bernard said, throwing himself into a chintz-covered wicker chair opposite his mother.

"Oh, Bernard," she cried.

"But I don't like leaving you mother. You would not like to come too, I suppose?"

Mrs. Trevarne burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear, I could not go out there."

"No, I suppose not. You are not fit to rough it, mother," he said, a cloud overshadowing his face. "I have five hundred pounds my godmother left me. I could make a start with that

out west," and he once more commenced his restless walk to and fro.

"I have my own two hundred a year that my father insisted upon tying down to me," observed Mrs. Trevarne.

"I'm thankful he did," muttered her son.

"Could you not take a small farm with your five hundred, and we might manage, perhaps, to live upon my money with care," Mrs. Trevarne said, her face brightening; she could not bear the idea of parting with her son.

Bernard laughed, as stooping over his mother's chair, he kissed her delicate cheek.

"I'm afraid your plan is not feasible, mother dear," he said.

"But you might, perhaps, be able to live comfortably on your own money in Ivy Cottage, whilst I try and make a fortune out west. Who knows," he continued more cheerfully, "in a few years I may return and buy back all the land round and once more be Trevarne of Trevarne."

"Oh! I wish you might," his mother cried.

"It would take a pile of money to restore this house to its former grandeur. It will be a long time, I think, before we entertain a queen as a Trevarne did Elizabeth," he said, laughingly, as he left the room, telling his mother he would take a stroll before their early dinner.

"Perhaps the fresh air may clear my brain, and I may think of some better plan of getting rich than going to America," he cried, turning back when he reached the hall.

Mrs. Trevarne smiled as she exclaimed, "I pray heaven you may." She loved her only child dearly. The thought of his going abroad was even more intensely bitter to her than that of leaving her home.

"I wish his father had sent him to college or let him have a profession," she moaned, sorely troubled; often and often she had begged her husband to do so, but he always vowed that he had no money and refused to listen to her.

"And he must have known we should be homeless and penniless at his death—poor Bernard, poor, poor boy," she cried between her sobs. For now that Bernard had left the room she now no longer tried to restrain them.

Bernard had just reached the end of the drive, and was passing into what had once been the park, and now was pasture land for cattle, when his pulse quickened and his face brightened.

"Oh, Bernard, have you come to meet me?" cried a fresh young voice. "I'm just calling to see your mother," and a mischievous light gleamed in her dark brown eyes. Alice Penwick, the youngest of the Vicar of Trevarne's three daughters, was a pretty bright girl of nineteen.

"And not to see me, Alice, dear. I don't believe that," and Bernard gazed down upon her, his face lightened with love, as he pressed her hand and held it within his own.

"You must give me a few minutes before you go in," he pleaded, and she, nothing loath, let him lead her to a seat, half-arbour, covered with trailing honeysuckle and roses.

It was a lovely old place Alice thought, as she listened, full of sympathy, to Bernard's story of the lawyer's visit, and the crushing news he had brought.

"Alice, dear, I never dreamt three months ago when I asked you to be my wife, that I was practically a beggar. I thought that if I could persuade father to give up the management of the land to me, I could make it pay though

Fennel could not."

"I little thought how matters really stood, nor that the old place was so heavily mortgaged," and following his glance, Alice looked at the stately, though dilapidated, many-gabled and chimned grey house looming before them.

"Is there no way of keeping it?" Alice asked, anxiously.

"None," and a dark cloud spread over his usually bright face.

"And I do love it so," he said.

The sun was setting amidst purple and crimson clouds like a dying king gathering his raiment around him, and fitful golden rays glancing upon the gables, tinted them gold, and rose red, slanting gleams fell upon the Virginia creeper covering the front of the house, and burnished it a mass of gold.

"Yes, it is hard, very hard," he said, "to give you up Alice, darling, too."

She uttered a low cry of surprise and pain, grasping his arm firmly, her eyes dilated and her nostrils quivering.

"Give me up," she gasped.

"Yes. I must go abroad—and I can't keep you to your promise. I thought I had a home to give you—and I've none."

"But I won't be given up. You did startle me," she cried, with a sob in her voice. "I'll wait for you, dear, or go out with you, poverty shall not divide us, if you really love me as you said you did," and she nestled to him lovingly.

"Do you still, dear, love me as you vowed you did three months ago," Alice asked, her eyes piercing his face.

"Love you—yes—better than I did then—a thousand times," he whispered.

"Then I'll not give you up," she declared firmly.

And he caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately, saying, "After all, Alice, I've got health and you. I might be worse off."

And forgetting all about Alice's intended visit to Mrs. Trevarne, intent on Bernard's plans, the two sat under the arbour seat, talking together until the last gleam of red disappeared in the heavens.

While above them, not regarding their sorrow, a nightingale joyously burst forth into a jubilant vesper hymn.

CHAPTER II.

Two months passed away, and Ivy Cottage was nearly ready for Mrs. Trevarne. Bernard was busily making arrangements to sail for America.

"Yes Alice, we have only three more days to stay here," said Mrs. Trevarne to Alice, who had called with her father, the vicar. "It is very good of you and your sister to have worked so hard to get my cottage ready for me."

"I really think you will be very comfortable; it's a snug little place," remarked the vicar.

"I do wish Bernard had not to leave England, I can't bear the idea of his going," observed his mother. "He is busily occupied turning out his father's drawers. They are full of papers which have accumulated seemingly for centuries."

"Ah! there he is."

Bernard entered the room. He was too excited to greet Alice and her father.

"Look," he cried, holding up for their inspection a sheet of parchment and a white handkerchief, lace edged and yellow with age. "I've found this rolled right up at the back of

a drawer, half wedged under it." Then without waiting for them to speak, he continued hurriedly and breathlessly, "It's a cipher, referring to a treasure a Trevarne of King James's reign hid."

"A treasure," the three listeners all exclaimed together.

"What has the handkerchief to do with it," queried the vicar, taking it from Bernard's hand.

"See," said Bernard, pointing to some faint red marks on it. "This is the cipher which my great, great, great grandmother copied on this parchment. I don't know how many greats I ought to say," and Bernard laughed.

"I don't understand," said his mother bewildered.

"What I can make out is this, that the Bernard Trevarne who took part in Monmouth's rising hid a treasure somewhere, and it's never been found," said Bernard. "Father could not have known it."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Trevarne, "I've heard him say there were heaps of papers that he had no patience to wade through."

"Do you think there really is a treasure hidden here," asked Alice eagerly.

"I feel sure of it," cried Bernard, his face white with excitement. "I'll read you what is on the parchment. I found the handkerchief folded inside of it."

They all listened full of wonder, as, unrolling the parchment, he read aloud, his voice trembling with excitement.

"I, Mistress Anne Trevarne, a most unhappy gentlewoman, in that I am bereaved of husband and only child, do in this year of our Lord, 1690, write down for the eyes of my grandson Walter, the sad story on this handkerchief.

"And I pray the Almighty that my dear son's child, named after him, whom my son emulate, Sir Walter Raleigh to wit, may not walk in the steps of either, but be content to play only the part of a simple country gentleman, which, alas! if his grandfather and sire had done, I should not with scalding tears be writing this.

"Be it known to you, my dear grandson Walter, that my late lamented husband, your grandsire, did take part in that ill-fated rising of the Duke of Monmouth, and sorely wounded after the battle of Sedgemoor, was taken prisoner and cruelly butchered by Colonel Kirke, whom may God forgive that foul deed, I cannot ever.

"My poor husband begged in vain for pen and paper, but both were denied him.

"So he took his white laced kerchief and piercing his arm inscribed with a twig, in blood, some letters on it, and begged a young officer who stood by to see it was conveyed to his son, your sire, sending his dear love to him, and to me, his loving wife.

"Alas and alack, the handkerchief reached me, his most disconsolate widow. But a few days after your grandfather was foully done to death, the vessel conveying your father was wrecked off this coast.

"The characters on the kerchief are, without doubt, a cipher to which your father had a clue, and I have none, alas, that it should be so.

"But I feel assured they refer to a treasure brought home by your father, who was ever of an adventurous turn, and sailed in quest of the treasure your namesake, Sir Walter Raleigh knew of.

"Your father's last voyage was ended three months before the Duke of Monmouth's fated rising, and he brought some great treasures of precious stones and gold beyond a king's ransom.

"Now, your grandsire was deemed a rebel and so his house and lands were likely to be confiscated to the king, and would have been but for my cousin's powerful influence at court.

"So my woman's wit tells me your grandfather, feeling that his possessions might be seized, was anxious for the treasure to be saved, and the cipher tells its whereabouts. But alas, no one has a clue to the interpretation of it. Perchance, the Almighty may reveal it to you. I pray that in His good pleasure He may, for the estates have been, since the martyr Charles's

times, greatly impoverished, and need money sadly.

"Methinks I shall never see you grow up, for alas, I suffer from a dire malady, which hath no cure.

"Praying, dear grandson, you may discover your father's treasure brought from distant seas, which I am sure is hidden somewhere about, I commend you to God's protection and favour, having hourly beseeched Him that He would protect you, who are by His providence, both fatherless and motherless, and all your posterity.

"The cipher I have copied with much pains, fearing the colour of the blood might wax faint and dim on the kerchief.

"Here it doth follow:—

IV-FSXXS R GIPPEV
WXITW HMK.

"At the bottom another hand writes," Bernard says.

"I, Walter Trevarne can make nothing of the cipher, and methinks there is no treasure hidden. I would pray heaven there were, for I, with my four sons and seven daughters need money sadly.

"Written by me, Walter Trevarne, the grandson of Mistress Anne Trevarne, in the year of our Lord, 1750."

"And I, Bernard Trevarne, who do now speak in the year of our Lord, 1882, do need also money sorely, in as much as my ancestral home is, in a few days, to be brought to the hammer, and I wish to take to myself a wife, Alice Penwick to wit," observed Bernard in the same tone as he had read the parchment.

All laughed heartily at his ending, then after the mirth had subsided Alice said "Poor Mistress Anne Trevarne, she was much to be pitied."

"I'm sure I am," said Mrs. Trevarne.

"And I too, mother," cried Bernard.

"Let me see the cipher, will you," said the vicar, and he gazed earnestly at it, comparing it with the faded characters on the handkerchief through a little magnifying glass which was lying on the table.

Alice leaned over her father's shoulder.

"Oh, how I wish I could decipher it," she said, puckering her brows in her vain efforts.

"I wonder if there really was a treasure brought by Walter's father home," said Mrs. Trevarne.

"I believe there was, and that we are destined in our great need to find it mother," said her son.

"That must be the same Anne Trevarne whose tablet is in the chancel," observed Alice.

"Yes, of course, she is described as being doubly bereaved, heartbroken, and the monument is erected by her grateful grandson Walter," the Vicar said.

"The church seems full of Trevarne monuments, I've never read half of them," said Bernard.

"It looks to me as if there were four words in the cipher," observed the Vicar, returning to his scrutiny of it.

"Yes, so it does," cried Alice, "and the first word has its two centre letters the same."

"If you will permit me, I will copy it, and try to puzzle it out at home," said the Vicar. "I think we must be going Alice," he said to her.

"Oh no, I can't spare her, let her stay Vicar," Mrs. Trevarne said, "and return home tomorrow evening."

And so it was arranged, and the Vicar departed, leaving the three to puzzle vainly over the cipher.

"To think that perhaps this cipher could tell us of untold riches, and we can't read it," cried Bernard. "I'll take it to a man who makes a study of that sort of thing," he said, "when I go to town in a few days."

"And then perhaps the treasure will have passed into other hands," said Alice. "The sale is to take place in five days."

Bernard groaned aloud at the thought.

"We must get it postponed," he cried, pacing the long room excitedly.

"I fear you cannot," remarked his mother,

wringing her hands in despair.

* * * * *

"Yes, there are clearly four words I should say," remarked Alice's brother, Jack Penwick the next day. "Father has been up half the night puzzling over it."

"And so have we," said Mrs. Trevarne.

"I wonder what the Roman figure IV. has to do with it," Bernard remarked.

Alice uttered an exclamation of wonder, looking up from the cipher.

"The cross means plus, I do believe, add four letters to F, that makes B, and four to S, makes O, and four to X, makes T. Why, I have it, I'm sure I have. The first word is bottom," cried Alice, joyfully.

Eagerly they all set to work counting four letters of the alphabet beyond, and the cypher read "Bottom cellar steps dig."

"The treasure is hidden at the bottom of the cellar steps."

"What dolts we have been to puzzle over it so long," said Bernard.

The utmost excitement prevailed, everyone talked together.

"Let us search at once," said Jack Penwick.

"Come, Jack, with me, we'll soon get pick-axes and spade," cried Bernard, and away they ran, followed by Alice and her sister Norah.

Speedily the tools were found.

"I wonder which cellar steps is meant," observed Bernard, as they all stood in the hall.

"I should imagine the old beer-cellar, the one we have never used," said Mrs. Trevarne.

And together they all trooped down the stone steps leading to the large disused cellar with an earthen floor.

"We'll try here, at all events," cried Bernard, and he and Jack were soon hard at work, whilst the others looked on with eager curiosity. The ground was hard, but Bernard and Jack worked with a will.

"The axe has struck something," Bernard cried joyfully.

Mrs. Trevarne and the girls pressed forward to look over the pile of upturned earth. In a few minutes an iron cased box was revealed.

"It's the treasure," Bernard cried. Mrs. Trevarne burst into tears, Bernard and Jack pulled it up from the hole with intense difficulty, for the weight was great.

Tied round a handle was a rusty key, after oiling it well it turned in the lock. Bernard lifted the lid amidst breathless excitement as the others looked on.

"Oh," cried Alice, and her exclamation was echoed by the others.

Displayed before them were a layer of large rubies, and under that large nuggets of gold.

"Thank God," cried Mrs. Trevarne devoutly.

"To think that this should have lain for two hundred years, to be found by me," said Bernard with wonder in his voice.

"And if you, Alice dear, had not discovered the cipher," Bernard said, looking at her fondly, "it might have lain forever."

Jack clapped Bernard heartily on the shoulder. "The old house and lands need not go to the hammer now, old fellow."

"No, indeed," cried Bernard joyfully.

"No wonder Mistress Anne Trevarne said the treasure was worth a king's ransom," observed Norah, looking at the stones admiringly as she passed them through her fingers.

"They must be worth hundreds and thousands of pounds," Jack declared, regarding them reflectively.

"To quote your ancestress, Bernard, you will now be able to play the part of a simple country gentleman," said Alice laughing.

"And as she said on the parchment, Bernard, may God protect you and all your posterity," said his mother, her tears of joy and relief overflowing.

Bernard was too much moved to speak, as with bright and happy face he took Alice's hand in his, joyfully regarding Trevarne's treasure, now his own, and realized that the old house need not be sold.



The Equestrian Statue Surmounting the Monument to Gen. U. S. Grant in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

FLAGS FOR SCHOOLS.

A patriotic movement of great influence originated in this city in 1889, when the George H. Thomas Post, of the Grand Army of the Republic, decided to make a presentation of a flag to each of the public schools of Rochester. The time selected for the purpose was the 22d day of February, Washington's birthday. Representative delegates were appointed from all of the schools, and on the afternoon of the day mentioned assembled in the City Hall, where they were met by the members of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., together with the Mayor of the City, members of the Board of Education, and many of the prominent citizens. General John A. Reynolds called the meeting to order and the President of the Board of Education was made the chairman of the meeting. After music by the band and prayer by the Chaplain of the Post, an introductory address was made by the Hon. C. R. Parsons, Mayor of the City. Then followed singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee," to the tune of America, by the whole audience in

chorus. The memorable events in the life of Washington were read by Gen. Reynolds, and afterwards was sung in chorus by the pupils "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Then followed recitations by the school representatives relating to Washington and various patriotic subjects, interspersed with music and patriotic songs. The selected standard-bearers of the schools then marched to the front of the platform, and the members of the Post, bearing the flags moved down from the platform and took position facing the standard-bearers. The sight was intensely interesting, even dramatic. On the one hand were men whose memories carried them back to scenes of a quarter of century ago, when defense of the flag meant suffering, danger and possible death; whose thoughts reverted to the days of their boyhood, when they looked forward to a quiet future, when suggestions of possible trouble and conflict were laughed at as the wild predictions of extremists. Fronting them was a line of youthful faces aglow with excitement and anticipation. Each one seemed conscious of the honor conferred upon him as the representative of his school. Who shall say

what firm resolves were then begotten, what growing thoughts of patriotism and love of country were then stimulated into active existence? Beyond question the lesson at that time inculcated will never be forgotten by any participant, and its effects will be shown in increasing veneration for the flag, in better citizenship, in more ardent loyalty to the American idea of loyalty." A presentation address was then made by one of the members of the Post. Immediately following the address Commander Reynolds ordered, "Post, attention! Carry Flags! Present Flags! Transfer Flags!" At the last command the members of the Post, stepping forward, delivered the precious emblems into the hands eagerly outstretched to receive them. A response was then made by the President of the Board of Education, and "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the audience in chorus, while the standard-bearers retired to their respective delegations.

Each year since, by a regulation of the School Board, Washington's Birthday has been patriotically observed with appropriate exercises by the schools of this city. The influence of these celebrations is far reaching, and the love of country and of good government would be generally promoted by the adoption of the movement throughout the wholeland.

"Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war club;
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war cry was forgotten;
Then was peace among the nations."

LONGFELLOW, *Hiawatha*



To a Rose—A Valentine.

I sit like one entranced, and muse, and gaze
Upon thy beauties, on thy lovely form;
Thy subtle fragrance all my senses daze,
A living, glowing Circe, thou art born.

With sparkling sunshine in thy petals stored,
In regal beauty thou doth proudly stand,
No fairer emblem nature doth afford,
To take a message to my dear one's hand.
Go, tell my love that she is wondrous fair,
Go, softly breathe my vows into her ear,
Go, kiss her lips, and leave thy sweetness there,
And say that thus she doth to me appear.

JAMES H. BANCROFT.

Wire for Tomato Vines.

I am done with old barrel hoops and wooden frames and stakes and everything of that sort as a support for tomato vines, for I have found something so much better in the wire netting that can now be bought so cheaply. I tried it last year with such gratifying results that I shall never use anything else.

I had twelve tomato plants set in a single row about thirty-six feet in length, the plants being three feet apart and all were of the "Livingstone Perfection" variety raised from seed sowed in little wooden boxes in the house the first week in March. I set five stout stakes in the ground about seven feet apart in the row of tomato plants. To these stakes, about a foot from the ground, I nailed wire netting four and a half feet wide. This made a trellis five and a half feet high. As the plants grew and sent out branches I tied them to the wire with strips of old cotton cloth which is better than cord for it does not cut into the vines. About once a week I tied the vines up in this way and by the end of July they had completely covered the trellis and were hanging full of tomatoes, every one of which got a touch of sunshine some time in the day and none of which were on the ground. The yield was surprising and they ripened fully ten days earlier than on the previous summer when in wooden frames. "And it is so much

easier to pick them," said my wife. "I don't have to gather my skirts up about my waist, and every ripe tomato shows itself."

It is as easy to pick tomatoes trained in this way as it is to pick grapes, and you have no idea how pretty they look, particularly after a rain. In the fall it was easy to cover the vines with old quilts and shawls by throwing them over the trellis on frosty nights. When the vines were all dead I cut them away, dug up the posts, rolled up the wire without loosening it from the posts and put it all away in an out-building for use the next year. It will last for years to come and it has already paid for itself.

I trained sweet peas in the same way to netting about three feet wide and was greatly pleased with the result. I tell this as a hint to flower growers living in cities who cannot get brush for this purpose and who have found it very difficult to train sweet peas to cords of any kind.

J. L. H.

Under the Snow.

Under the snow the grass is green,
Tender and bright, with a hint of spring;
Wondrous the power at work beneath
The dampened earth where mosses cling.

Under the snow, with buds complete
The trillium pleads for leave to bloom:
And the golden cups of daffodils
Are filling fast with a rich perfume.

Under the snow, in mossy woods,
By frozen marsh or drowsy stream,
The downy coils of plump ferns
Are waking from their winter dream.

Under the snow. Ah, fair indeed
Are the countless forms, which haste to greet
With a loving smile the rested earth
Coming to life beneath our feet.

SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

A Boy's Composition.

In a public school in New England the teacher thought she would give out natural history subjects as subjects for compositions. In this way she teaches them English orthography and natural history all at once. The commonplace subject of "Ants" was given to a bright boy who said he knew all about it. This is the result of his efforts:

ANTS.

There is many kinds of Ants My ant Mary Jane is one of these kind. She is gently good natured and when she comes to see My Mother she brings me five cents worth of penuts and tells me Why James how you've growed but when I go and see her and dont only just wawlk on the Carpit without Cleening my boots she is orfly mad.

Ants like to give you Advice and scold at you like everything but their Hart is in the Wright Plaice and once I found a Ants nest in the woods I poked it with a stick and a Million Ants run out after me and Crawled up Inside my Pants and Bit me like Sixty.

Ants nests are good Things not to Poke with a stick Ants are very Industryous in Steeling Shugur.

I forgot to say that my Ant Martha lives in Main she has a boy of Just about my Aige and He can stand on his Hed Five minits and how Do you suppose he can Do it.

I Do not think of Annything more about Ants at present.

Forsythia and Golden-Leaved Elder.

The old fashioned Forsythia or golden bell, which has been known and valued so many years, seems to be a general favorite. Blooming as it does in the early spring, in April and May, and sometimes even in March, it seems that there are very few shrubs so desirable. It grows to be about four feet high, and blooms

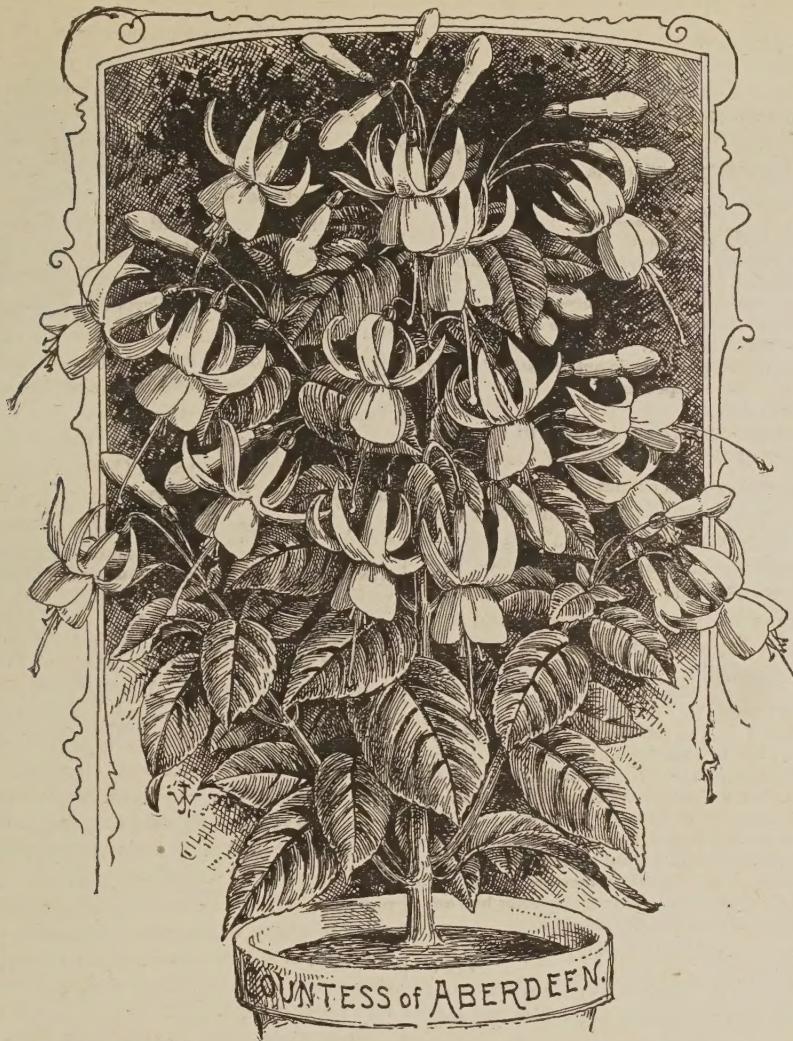


FORSYTHIA OR GOLDEN BELL.

before the leaves appear, each branch being covered with beautiful yellow bells, making the whole bush a mass of brilliant color. While admiring it last spring and wishing for a shrub that would retain its bright yellow color all summer, a friend mentioned the golden-leaved elder, saying that the bright golden leaves of this shrub make it quite as beautiful and light up the lawn the same as the blossoms of the Forsythia. I therefore ordered it among other hardy shrubs, and have found it all that could be desired. All through the season its leaves retain their pure brilliant yellow, and as the bush grows rapidly it will soon form a striking background for the smaller shrubs with green foliage.

PHEBE R.

Philadelphia,



A Pure White Fuchsia.

A new and very distinct variety of fuchsia is seen in Countess of Aberdeen, which has its tube, sepals and corolla all white. The plant is of erect habit, a fine grower attaining a good size, handsome foliage and bears its flowers freely and at the ends of its shoots and in such a manner that they stand out all over the surface, none of them being hidden beneath the leaves. Flowers of good size, finely formed, pure white, very beautiful. Countess of Aberdeen is sure to become a great favorite among plant growers.

A moist atmosphere, a steady warm temperature and sufficient water are the special needs of the fuchsia. No plant is more satisfactory or attractive than a well grown fuchsia in bloom.

Sanitary Precautions.

The use of common sense in advance about the household, will in a majority of cases save much sickness and many dollars in doctor's bills. The following, from the *New York Ledger*, will at once commend itself:

"Have you cleared out your cellar this fall?" asked a physician of a lady to whose house he was called professionally.

The lady's face flushed a little as she replied: "Why yes, of course; that is, we clean the cellar every week. I—I don't understand you, doctor!"

"I mean no offense, madam," replied the physician, "nor do I intend any reflection upon your housekeeping. I merely wished to know if you had removed from the cellar all remains of vegetables, fruit or meats, which might affect the health of the family. Many people do not know, and many who know do not realize, that half-decayed vegetables are full of germs of

fever." Many a family has been thinned out by the disease-laden air from a damp cellar, with half-rotten vegetables filling the corners and decayed fruits resting unmolested upon shelves or in barrels in out-of-the-way places.

"The care of the cellar is more important than that of any other part of the house. The natural dampness of the atmosphere is favorable to the development of disease germs, and many a life is sacrificed to carelessness in this respect.

"The heat of furnaces, steam pipes and other like appliances is almost certain to hasten the decay of all sorts of vegetables, and the poisoned atmosphere arising from a cellar containing such articles cannot fail to produce unpleasant if not positively dangerous results."

In the School of Life.

"Oh that I were" and "If I had" Are both prayers of the fool, And are unknown to those who take The prizes in Life's school.

Have You a Cricket?

One of the curiosities of the Anderson Hotel is the cricket that chirps in the elevator, says the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. During the flood last winter the little fellow was washed out of his home, but he turned up after several days in another part of the house. Then he slowly moved his house from point to point until he reached his old home in the elevator. He has been there now for several months, and evidently was glad to get back, as his song has been sharper and merrier ever since. The little fellow is well fed, but nobody in the house has seen him. His music is the only thing that reveals his presence.

For several years the writer was fortunate to capture some crickets late in the fall and put them in his greenhouse, and all winter long they made merry song, so much that the neighbors would come to hear the "cricket on the hearth."

Tomorrow?

The following bit of fugitive verse has been pasted in my pocketbook for several years. It has given so much pleasure that I want others to share it.

H. P. H.

"Strength for today is all that we need,
As there never will be a tomorrow;
For tomorrow will prove but another today
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With such sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for today; what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend or neighbor.

Strength for today, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for today on the down-hill track
For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for today, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for today in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely."

Window Plants.

The mimulus, or monkey flower, is said to be very satisfactory as a window plant. It certainly is very bright and showy with its bright yellow flowers spotted with brown and deep red. One variety has a strong musky odor and is often called the musk plant. In these as in all other plants great improvements have been made, the new French varieties taking the lead. They grow easily from seeds but the seeds are very small and require care in sowing them. The mimulus is a thirsty plant and requires plenty of water. Some of them grow in a drooping form and make good plants for hanging baskets. After blooming all winter the plants may be pruned quite severely in the spring and set out in the beds for the summer. Seed should be sown in August for winter bloom; seeds sown in November or December will bloom the latter half of winter and all through the spring.

Water Chinese primroses carefully, as wetting the foliage will injure it, often causing it to rot.

Give heliotropes an abundance of root room, warm sunny location, sufficient water and once in a while a dose of weak liquid manure.

GRETA.

Marvelous Mechanics.

Sheet iron is rolled so thin at the Pittsburgh iron mills that twelve thousand sheets are required to make a single inch in thickness. Light shines through one of these sheets as readily as it does through ordinary tissue paper.

—Southern Teacher.

The Progressive Japanese.

The Empress of Japan takes a keen interest in the advancement of woman's education in her country, and devotes considerable time and money to this object. The Japanese girl students, while eager to copy the erudition, have copied neither the dress nor habits of the English-speaking student. They are still the quaint, shy, gentle *musmees* of Japan, in flowing, gayly colored robes.



OUR LETTER BOX.

In this department we will be pleased to answer any questions, relating to Flowers, Vegetables, and Plants, or to hear of the experiences of our readers.

JAMES VICK.

HYDRANGEA—BULBLES.

Will it do to divide the pink hydrangea? Ought the young bulbs to be always taken off amaryllis and calla bulbs?

If the roots of the hydrangea support two or more stems, and they can be separated with roots attached to each, there is no reason why it may not be done, and the propagation of the plant be thus effected.

When repotting bulbs any bulbles may be removed.

MR. JAMES VICK:

I purchased an India rubber tree, *ficus elastica*, from you about three years ago. It has grown quite tall, reaches almost to the ceiling. Would it be practicable to *tip the top of it*? Would it *branch out* or would it spoil it? Please answer and greatly oblige

Newmansville, Pa.

MRS. I. L.

It seems too bad to spoil the plant by cutting back. When cut back it sends out from one to three side branches just below where it is cut, making it look one-sided. The beauty of rubber plant is its straight, erect habit.

MESSRS. JAS. VICK'S SONS:

Could you find time to tell me what to do with my geraniums? They look thrifty, are growing nicely; every one is budded but the buds turn yellow and stop growing. I water well twice a week, once in two weeks adding one teaspoon of aqua ammonia to a quart of water tepid. They are in a south window in a room without a stove, but adjoining the living room where fire is kept night and day, and a kettle of water steaming most of the time. A lover of flowers,

W. Richfield, Ohio.

MRS. B. K.

Stop using aqua ammonia, and only water when they need it, that is, when soil on top becomes dry

J. VICK, FLORIST:

I saw what they called sunflower dahlias. They were so near like dahlias you could not tell them fifteen feet away. They are very hardy. Do you handle them?

W. H. B.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

The flower you saw was *Helianthus multiflorus plenus*. This year there is a new variety called *Helianthus Soliel D'Or* which is identical in all respects, except that the petals of the flowers are quilled like some of our finest dahlias. Next year we hope to bring out another new variety, the flowers of which are single with a grand, large, showy yellow disc.

JAS. VICK, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Can you tell me when the seed for celery ought to be sown to be ready for the trenches by middle of July to 1st of August? Also, how many feet of bed is required for each ounce of seed sown?

Yours very respectfully,

Northampton, Mass.

G. T. D.

One ounce of celery seed, providing it be of best germinating quality, should produce 10,000 plants. This amount will fill three ordinary sash beds and should be sown from 1st to 15th

of March to have plants in condition for transplanting by middle of July; 28,000 to 30,000 plants is a fair estimate for one acre. We believe the New Golden Self Blanching Celery is the most desirable for first crop, following up with Golden Heart, which is more hardy than preceding variety.

JAS. VICK, ESQ., SEEDSMAN.

Dear Sir—I would like your advice as to making a good lawn. The lot faces east and I have made five flower beds. Would you recommend tuberous begonias as an outside border for one of them? Can they be raised from seed? Will you please tell me how to make rich flower beds out of a stiff clay soil?

Very respectfully,

Pikesville, Md.

C. M. J.

Directions for making lawns will be found on page 76 of Vick's *Floral Guide*, 1892.

Tuberous begonias do not do well with us in beds, but your location is so much farther south no doubt they would do better. Verbenas, portulaca, phlox, etc., make very attractive beds.

Spade up the beds well and mix with well rotted manure. We have both seeds and bulbs of tuberous begonias, but think you would do best with the bulbs.

TO JAMES VICK:

Dear Sir—I want to tell you how nicely my plants grew that I had of you last spring. The hardy hydrangea had eight large trusses of flowers, and the rose "Vick's Caprice" grew beyond all calculations. My dahlias never did better. Princess and Mrs. Cleveland were admired by everyone. I could not resist the temptation of taking some to your brother at the fair—perhaps he will remember them. The potatoes did splendidly too—in fact I never had anything from your firm that did not do well.

Yours respectfully,

Hillsdale, Mich.

V. D.

Thanks. Yes we are always pleased to hear good reports of the plants, vegetables and seeds



sent out by our house. Of course your friends enjoyed and admired the flowers, such treasures never fail to brighten eyes and hearts. Mr. C. H. Vick well remembers the fine specimens shown him. Kind wishes expressed by our friends are always cheering and helpful.

HIGH BUSH CRANBERRY.

Will you give the name of the ornamental shrub called high bush cranberry?

Please tell in a future number of the MAGAZINE about the tree called hornbeam. Is there more than one variety of it? I only know of the hop hornbeam.

MRS. G. O. JR.

The name of this plant is *Viburnum opulus*. It is a variety of this plant having sterile flow-

ers which is the common snowball. *V. opulus* or high bush cranberry is a hardy shrub native of this country. The snowball is a native of Europe and Great Britain. How the species and the variety, ages ago, became so separated is one of the questions for very wise heads to settle—perhaps no more difficult than some others that are supposed to be settled already.

Another name for the hornbeam is ironwood, botanically *Carpinus Americana*. The common species of Europe is *Carpinus Betulus*; this has been introduced into this country and employed as an ornamental hedge plant; for this purpose it is very effective, and possibly *C. Americana* may be equally as good. It has never been given a trial, we think. The hop hornbeam, or lever wood, *Ostrya Virginica*, is closely related to the *Carpinus*.

JAS. VICK'S SONS.

Dear Sirs—December MAGAZINE just received. I would like you to name and discuss two of your best varieties of field corn for this locality.

Yours, etc.,

Wyocena, Wis.

S. S. DEY.

Field Corn, Pride of the North.—This is a most desirable variety. It originated in Northwestern Iowa and seems well adapted to all sections of the Middle and Northern latitudes. It is a yellow dent 16-rowed. Ears 8 to 10 inches in length, cob very small, red. A test of 70 pounds of ears, not selected, produced 60 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds of shelled corn and only 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds of cob instead of 14 pounds of cob, the usual proportion. The kernels are closely set upon the cob, are above the medium size, long, narrow and thin, of a deep orange yellow color. Stalk above medium size, from 6 to 8 feet high and very productive.

Field Corn, Longfellow.—As a yellow flint variety this is one of the very best. Ears from 10 to 15 inches, uniform and well filled at butt and tip, cob small, kernel very large, broader than deep, bright yellow in color. Stalk medium, grain flinty and of superior quality. Extremely productive and well adapted to Northern and Middle sections.

Will you kindly answer the following questions: What treatment should be given *Asparagus tenuissimus*?

When should the climbing fern have a resting season?

Is the *Apium tuberosa* a weed, and is it hard to get rid of?

What are the requirements of the *Ginkgo biloba*, maidenhair tree, if there is such a tree?

California.

MRS. A. B. H.

A soil composed largely of decayed sods, a little leaf mold, and a liberal quantity of well rotted stable manure, is suitable for the asparagus. It will probably do well out of doors in Contra Costa county in summer. If given greenhouse culture, keep it, while growing, in a heat of 60° to 70°, and give plenty of air, and while growing freely give water plentifully. Let it rest in autumn and early winter months.

Give the climbing fern a season of rest in the cooler months.

Apium tuberosa in a wild state grows only in thickets and shady woods. It is not a difficult plant to destroy. We have had no experience in its cultivation but know it well in its wild state and should rather think it more difficult to cultivate than to destroy.

The *Ginkgo biloba* is a hardy tree with us here and appears to thrive in most parts of the country, even as far south as Louisiana, perhaps, also, in Texas. It is a native of Japan, and is a handsome, small sized tree with very peculiar and handsome foliage.



BRIEFS.

Waban Rose.—The Waban is working to the front as a valuable rose for florists' cultivation on a large scale for cut flowers.

Worlds Fair.—J. H. Lang & Sons, London, England, intend to send ten

thousand begonia plants, and men to care for them, to the Chicago Exposition. It is also expected that there will be displayed there an immense collection of orchids, which in value will be worth at least \$500,000.

Shelter Belts.—The cattle and other live stock feel the benefits during this weather of a shelter belt of evergreen trees around the farm yard. Norway spruce will form a good screen in a few years. Take young trees and plant them about eight feet apart.

Good Seeds.—Don't take any chances on seeds. The only way to test seeds is by planting them, and if they prove to be poor it is too late to apply any remedy. Procure them of a careful seedsman who has gained a reputation by many years of fair dealing. Poor seeds are very expensive.

Potato Rot.—The fungus of the potato rot appears first as blackish spots on both sides of the leaf, and on the under side there is a silky or woolly appearance surrounding the spot. The spot increases around the border. Spraying with the Bordeaux mixture is the remedy for the potato blight.

Strawberries for Illinois.—The Warfield, Bubach and Haverland fertilized with the Jessie are named by the experiment stations as best varieties of strawberries for Central Illinois, and for the same region, the Taylor, the Erie, the Minnewaska, and the Ancient Briton are considered the best blackberries.

The World's Fair.—Applications for space for horticultural uses are rapidly being made. The whole space has already been apportioned to the different States and countries, and the prospect is that more will be asked for than can be allowed. That the horticultural exhibition as a whole will be a grand one, and far exceeding anything of the kind ever before made, is already past question.

Mice in Orchards.—The time that mice do most mischief by gnawing the bark about apple trees is usually when the ground is frozen and covered with snow, as it is more difficult for them to find proper food. If orchard trees have not been specially protected against these vermin, they should be visited after a fall of snow and the snow tramped hard all around each tree. This is a successful method of saving the trees.

Liquid Manure.—Save the liquid manure of the stables. The straw or other material used for bedding is an absorbent and it repays the cost of employment partly in this way. Peat and dried muck are also good absorbents in the stable and should be used in this manner before applying to the land. Land plaster should always be at hand to be scattered over manure and absorbents to fix the ammonia. Saving the manure properly is one of the secrets of success in the cultivation of crops of all kinds.

Killing Green Fly.—A new way to kill green fly is described by Charles Pommert in the *American Florist*. He has practiced it for five years and always with satisfaction. My method, he says, is to burn Scotch snuff on a piece of red hot iron at the rate of two ounces for every 500 feet of glass, and it never fails to get every fly. This small quantity will not injure the tenderest plant, but if anyone doubts the effect let him stay in a house during the fumigation. He thinks that tobacco dust ground equally fine would also prove effective and be somewhat cheaper. There is less labor con-

nected with fumigating snuff than evaporating tobacco juice and the result is far more satisfactory.

Mice in Orchards.—An orchardist in Maine, to prevent the depredations of mice, says he goes over his trees, in late fall before the ground freezes up, with a wash made of lime in the usual way of making whitewash, with two tablespoonsful of Paris green added to each part of wash. This is applied with a brush for fifteen or twenty inches in height. It is said to be a sure preventive.

Another farmer paints his trees with coal tar for a distance of two feet from the ground upwards. An application is made once in two or three years, as it may be needed. After ten years of this practice he has never had a tree injured by the mice, nor has the coal tar done any injury. He also considers it a sure preventive of the borer.

Bachelor's Button—What?—In this part of the country the name Bachelor's button is the common one applied to *Centaurea cyanus*, the cornflower of England, and the Kornblume of Germany, and which acquired a reputation some years since as the late Emperor William's favorite flower. It would be interesting to hear from our readers in different sections, giving the local names by which the plant is known in the various parts of this country. The Botanical Hand-Book of C. E. Hobbs, published in Boston, and which has brought together a great many of the common names of plants, gives four different ones to which the name Bachelor's button is applied, but none of them the *Centaurea cyanus*; the plants named are as follows: *Gomphrena globosa*, *Lychis flos-cuculi*, *Ranunculus acris* and *Strychnos nux-vomica*. We will publish all the names sent in with the names of the localities where they are used.

Flowers in France.—A friend at Nice in the South of France, under date of December 14, writes as follows: "The other day I went to the flower market and spent 75 centimes (15 cents) and brought home about 60 beautiful roses, a nice bunch of orange blossoms, a big bunch of mignonette, another of heliotrope, lots of carnations and quite a lot of ferns. About how much money would that cost at this time of the year in Rochester? I am going to the flower market again today and I will not spend more than 15 centimes (3 cents) and expect to come home with at least forty or fifty roses." Our florists would think their lot a hard one if they were obliged to sell flowers at such prices. The mildness of the climate at Nice is greatly in its favor, but even in our Southern States, say at Charleston or Atlanta or even in New Orleans, flowers could not be raised and sold at these very low rates.

To Preserve Flowers.—A very excellent way of preserving flowers is described in the *International Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science*. The method is not new, but the description of it is both brief and good: To preserve delicate flowers take very fine sand, wash it perfectly clean, and when dry sift it through a fine sieve into a pan. When the pan is deep enough to hold the flowers in an upright position take some more sifted sand and carefully cover them. A spoon is a good thing to use for this, as it fills in every chink and cranny without breaking or bending the leaves. When the pan is filled solidly leave the flowers to dry for several days. It is a good plan to warm the sand in the oven before using it, as the flowers will then dry more thoroughly. Pansies preserved in this way will keep their shape and brilliancy of color all winter. Ferns when preserved in this way have a more natural look

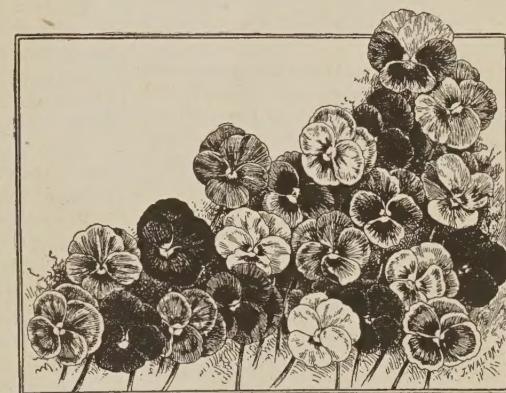
than when pressed, and the maiden hair fern looks almost as well as when it is freshly gathered.

The "New" Onion Culture not New.—An experienced onion raiser of California, Mr. S. J. Murdock, writing on "Onion Culture in Southern California," in the *Rural Californian* of December, in describing his method of raising onions says: The method which gives me the best satisfaction is as follows: Sow the seed in October or November, quite thick, on a well prepared seed bed, and when the plants are from six to eight inches high pull up and transplant on a well cultivated and thoroughly clean plot of ground in rows 12 inches apart and plants three inches apart in the rows. I always cut off the tops so as to leave a stub about three inches long, and think it better to trim the fine roots some also as it makes the transplanting easier and lets the soil pack closer around the plant. This method is claimed by T. Greiner, a very able writer on various farm topics and especially on onion culture, as being a new mode of onion culture. No doubt Mr. Greiner is honest in his opinions, but this method has been practiced in California for the last 20 years or more and the writer has practiced the same years before having heard of Mr. Greiner.

Pansies and Pansy Ornaments.

Last winter I ordered pansy seed from you, and at the proper time planted it in a box in a greenhouse, and in the early spring set my plants in my pansy bed. All that was necessary to have fine pansies was to keep the weeds and grass out, which I did.

Each week I would cut every bloom from the plants and in this way had choice flowers. Two or three hundred would be cut at a time and these flowers I would distribute among my friends near by. Imagine my surprise today when my wife was presented with about 25 of these beautiful flowers. Miss Carrie Hall had taken them in the summer, after one of these general clippings, and arranged and pressed



them on a piece of cardboard.

The arrangement was artistic, forming a beautiful picture which, when held off a few feet, looked like an oil painting, but better than that inasmuch as it was true to nature and the colors well preserved. The idea was new to me, perhaps there are others who have not seen or tried it.

When properly framed with these little faces held firmly to the glass so not to allow disarrangement, we will have a choice picture.

C. L. GIBBS.

All persons not now subscribers who receive this number, should take immediate advantage of one of our premium offers, and induce friends to join in a club. Only 50 cents per year.

VICK'S MAGAZINE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1892.

Entered in the Post Office at Rochester as "second-class" matter.

VICK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published at the following rates, either for old or new subscribers. These rates include postage:

One copy one year, in advance, Fifty Cents.

One copy twenty-seven months (2 1/4 years), full payment in advance, One Dollar.

A Club of Five or more copies, sent at one time, at 40 cents each, without premiums. Neighbors can join in this plan.

FREE COPIES.—One free copy additional will be allowed to each club of ten (in addition to all other premiums and offers), if spoken of at the time the club is sent.

All contributions and subscriptions should be sent to Vick Publishing Co., at Rochester, N. Y.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertising rates are \$1.25 per line each month, with discounts for length of time and large space. All contracts will be based on a "guaranteed and proved circulation" of an average through the year of 200,000 or no pay.

All communications in regard to advertising to Vick Publishing Co., New York office, 38 Times Building, H. P. Hubbard, Manager.

CIRCULATION.

The actual edition for this month (February) is 250,000.

Circulation Guaranteed and Proved or No Pay. (Trade Mark.)

THE MAGAZINE.

Do our readers like the stories in the Magazine, or would they prefer more about plants, trees and gardens generally? Please state preference when writing to us.

All persons not now subscribers who receive this number, should take immediate advantage of one of our premium offers, and induce friends to join in a club.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Our January edition, 250,000 copies, weighed over seventeen tons, and reached every State in the Union.

As the December MAGAZINE was a great improvement over November, and January over December, so we feel that a step forward will be the verdict of this, the February number. We would like just 100 letters of frank expression in answer to our question "How do you like the new VICK'S MAGAZINE?"

Pure and elevating reading is what we aim to make VICK'S MAGAZINE. Its constituency is the best and deserve the best. We give more in proportion for 50 cents per year than the high priced magazines. Show this copy among your friends and get them to subscribe.

Is there not some friend you would like to make happy each month in the year? Subscribe for VICK'S MAGAZINE to be sent them. One gentleman has sent in a list of twenty and he is right in saying they will appreciate it.

Did you speak to your neighbors about VICK'S MAGAZINE and get them to subscribe?

Less than one cent a week and premium thrown in is what VICK'S MAGAZINE costs.

Can we depend on you for one subscriber in addition to your own? Think it over and act at once. Five for \$2.00.

We don't want and do not mean to take at any price advertisements of prize rebuses, guess games, weak men or any of that class. Its \$5 out of our pocket every month, but the advertisers that do remain with us are in good company, and our readers can feel sure that no swindlers can crawl into their homes through us. The advertisement of Walter J. Raymond in our December number, we are informed, was unreliable. It shall not appear again.



Written and
called for Vick's
Magazine.

B
RIGHT IDEAS.

"If future with a smiling face,
Strew roses on our way,
When should we stop to pick them up?
To-day, my friend, to-day."

Start the day with kind words at breakfast.

Enthusiasm and skyrocket soon expend their force.

An ounce of experience is worth exactly a ton of theory.

Noise is not power. Mere physical excitement does not count.

Tact is the art of putting yourself in another's place, and being quick about it.

Some men belong to about every society in town but the society of their wives.

Kind words. Kind looks. Kind deeds. These are what win. Try and see.

Courage, faith, work, patience—a grand quartette that will carry you safely through the year.

Although this is leap year, young women should look before they leap, or they may stumble.

Never do anything that you need be ashamed of, and then you never need be ashamed of anything you do.

Try a newspaper over your chest, beneath your coat, as a chest protector, in extremely cold weather.

The man who does the most groaning is the one who eats more than is good for him, and that without regularity or system.

Thirty-one bushels of corn and four bushels of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the country were grown last year.

We have little rest for the man who keeps his premises clean and neat inside the fence by throwing the litter in the highway.

Science has succeeded in successfully mending a man's broken neck. The mending of broken hearts remains still a mystery.

For mildew, which is not an uncommon plant foe, dust with sulphur or sprinkle with sulphur water. Also dig a little soot into the soil.

If butter is kept covered tight when put in the ice chest it will not absorb the odor of any food lying near. There is nothing so sensitive as butter.

Instead of grumbling about the weather, find something interesting to read or to do. The world boils over with its fulness of ideas, and fat ones too.

Don't put off selecting what is wanted (needed) in nursery stock and sending for it to the nearest, best nursery. The earlier it can be received and set the better.

The farmer who depends upon the market for the luxuries which should be grown upon the farm, misses half of the privileges and enjoysments of farm life.

Reason is not a piece of furniture that can be put aside and used again. The man who should live ten years without reflection would never be capable of it again.

Remove oil spots from marble by covering them with a cream of calcined magnesia and benzine, and brushing off the former after the dissipation of the latter.

"Some of these fine days they will buy us all

up, lock, stock and barrel," is the comment of an English paper on the recent purchase by an American of a valuable art library in Germany.

Remember that we have no more faith at any time than we have in the hour of trial. All that will not bear to be tested is mere carnal confidence. Fair weather is no trial of faith.—*Spurgeon*.

Young man, be fully as thoughtful of, and polite to, your mother, as to a young lady friend. Note how quickly her eye will glisten with pleasure, and then shine with pride whenever she sees you.

"Mirth," says an old writer, "purgeth the blood, confirms health, causeth a fresh, pleasing and fine color, prolongs life, whets the wit, and maketh the body young, lively and fit for any manner of employment."

Wishing to give her husband a realistic picture of herself, a woman in Kansas had her photograph taken as she appeared at her daily housework, with a baby on one arm and the broom and dustpan in the other.

By the way, it is none too early to overhaul the implements that will be needed next spring and to put them in good condition; or to begin preparing a supply of stovewood for next summer; or to plan the March and April work.

The steamer Rhynland recently carried to Antwerp, from the United States Fish Commission, 500 catfish, consigned to the Belgian Government, which will attempt to propagate them in the sluggish waters that abound in that country.

Who, then, is unconquerable? He whom the inevitable cannot overcome. When you do anything from a clear judgment that it ought to be done, never shrink from being seen to do it, even though the world should misunderstand it.—*Epictetus*.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to a child, good example; to your father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; and to all men, charity.

Women are employed on all the leading London papers. The entertaining column in the *Telegraph*, called "London Day by Day," is largely the work of a woman. Miss Emily Faithfull was one of the pioneer workers in this line, and thirty years ago conducted a magazine with a corps of woman printers.

Do not despise the day of small things; in other words, be prepared to study whatever presents itself, and think nothing in Nature insignificant. At one time it may be no more than a single cloud, at another a fragment of rock or the bough of a tree. Let whatever is felt to be worthy of effort, receive all the care and attention that would be given to a more elaborate subject.

A wide-awake Yankee boy bought five cents worth of potatoes and raised enough at 50 cents a bushel to bring him \$1.50, and he only got a small lot of seed for his money. He cut it in one-eye pieces, and after making the ground rich cultivated it carefully, keeping the crop free from weeds and beetles. Another boy showed his business faculty by carefully raising garden truck on a small plot he was given the use of. He sold his produce a little at a time for a neat sum. These boys are thinkers. No danger that they will be poor farmers.

A subscriber tells *The Phila. Farm Journal* how richly the purchase of two packets of flower seed was rewarded the past season. One packet contained pansy seed. The resulting bloom was very brilliant, especially in the spring, and was almost incessant the whole summer. The other packet contained chrysanthemum seed, of good stock, but mixed as to sorts. The variety and richness of coloring in the October and November flowers were simply glorious. These little pleasures, which anybody can have, constitute what may be termed the real big dividends of life.



Carnations.

As a winter blooming plant the carnation will always take a leading place. Its qualifications for it are such that it can have few, if any, competitors. The plant is easily raised, is comparatively hardy, will stand some rough treatment and respond readily to good usage. It is easily produced from seeds, by layers and by cuttings; it blooms freely and for a long time during the winter season and without strong heat; the flowers are of a size adapting them to a great variety of uses, they are of handsome form, of a great range of the most beautiful colors, and with a fragrance both delicate and delightful; and, besides, the flowers are borne at the extremities of long stems which enables them to be employed to advantage in many ways.

If one wishes to raise his own plants he has only to sow the seeds and give the young plants the necessary care, and he is sure to get interesting results in the way of flowers, differing in many particulars of form as well as in color and other respects. Young plants set out in the garden in spring and given a little attention during the summer will be ready in September to be lifted and potted to be brought into the house, either the window garden or the greenhouse. By December the flowers will begin to open and the plants will continue to give a supply for three months with ordinary care. Florists are always striving after something new with this plant, either the habit of growth, the symmetry, the color, or the fragrance of the flower or some other quality appears as an improvement. The illustration here presented shows six new varieties of superior excellence. Wm. F. Dreer is a carmine pink with the petals deeply fringed. American Flag has its petals regularly striped,

a bright scarlet and white, while its foliage has a deep blue shade. The shades of color of the foliage of different varieties of carnation is an interesting feature, the tones running from light to dark green and dark blue. Daybreak is a large flower quite double, with broad petals of a pleasing deep flesh tint. Creole is velvety maroon flaked with carmine. Annie Wiegand is a delicate pink finely fringed. Golden Gate is a very double flower of a pure yellow color. Altogether they are a fine lot and with a good white will form the nucleus for a superior collection.

A Sensible Idea.

The following story comes from over the Atlantic and shows that they are thoughtful people in Germany. The plan could well be adopted in this country and is one which would do a great deal of good.

The ladies of Elberfeld, Germany, have adopted a practical system for teaching factory girls how to become good wives. It is well known that factory girls are singularly remiss in everything pertaining to good housewifery, and that when they marry they know no more about getting up a good dinner than they do about sailing a yacht. The plan of the Elberfeld women is to take these girls into their homes for a year of service previous to their marriage. So now in Elberfeld the plan of teaching factory girls how to live is something like this: As soon as a factory girl becomes engaged to be married she gives up her position and takes employment with some woman who pledges herself to teach the girl all she knows about cooking, baking, sweeping and all other housewifely arts. At the end of the year the girl is qualified to keep house properly and economically. And if, by a mischance, there should be a slip between the matrimonial cup and the lip, the young woman has learned so much that she can go right on in domestic service, earning good wages, if she so desires.

A Friend

Wishes to speak through the *Register* of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of **Ayer's Pills**. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are

In Need

of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills."—Boothbay (Me.), *Register*.

"Between the ages of five and fifteen, I was troubled with a kind of salt-rheum, or eruption, chiefly confined to the legs, and especially to the bend of the knee above the calf. Here, running sores formed which would scab over, but would break immediately on moving the leg. My mother tried everything she could think of, but all was without avail. Although a child, I read in the papers about the beneficial effects of Ayer's Pills, and persuaded my mother to let me try them. With no great faith in the result, she procured

Ayer's Pills

and I began to use them, and soon noticed an improvement. Encouraged by this, I kept on till I took two boxes, when the sores disappeared and have never troubled me since."—H. Chipman, Real Estate Agent, Roanoke, Va.

"I suffered for years from stomach and kidney troubles, causing very severe pains in various parts of the body. None of the remedies I tried afforded me any relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills, and was cured."—Wm. Goddard, Notary Public, Five Lakes, Mich.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Every Dose Effective

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Our special collections of plants have become very popular, and we trust that this one will meet with the same general favor.

Don't fail to get our catalogue, and note prices before buying elsewhere.

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R. D. HOYT, Manager, SEVEN OAKS, FLORIDA.
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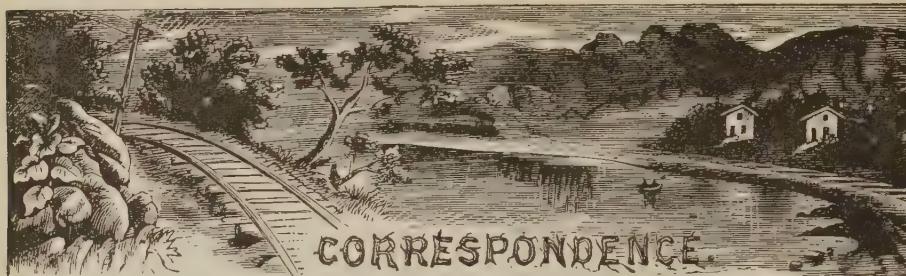
Johnson's Poultry Annual.

All about Poultry for a 2-cent stamp, 20 pages. One Full Page Colored Plate. Prices of Fowls and Eggs, Crushed Shells, Wire Netting, Incubators, &c. Send stamp, G. M. T. JOHNSON, Box 11, Binghamton, N. Y.

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MUCH FOR LITTLE.

All persons not now subscribers who receive this number, should take immediate advantage of one of our premium offers, and induce friends to join in a club. Only 50 cents per year.



The Window Garden.

As the sun is now acquiring more power, and the days are lengthening, a marked improvement will soon be apparent in all window garden plants, and the greenhouse or conservatory will soon come into its greatest beauty as far as a display of foliage and flowers will permit, and it should be kept clean and well arranged at all times. Rearrange the plants in both the window garden and greenhouse occasionally, setting aside all those which are going out of bloom, or at least removing them to a less prominent position, and bring forward others to occupy their places. As the season advances all plants will require more water, both overhead and at the roots, and an increase of air should be given whenever the weather will permit, so that a healthy and stocky growth may be maintained.

Plants for winter and spring decoration, such as sweet alyssum, cinerarias, calceolarias, mignonette, and ten-weeks stock, should be given an abundance of pot room, air and light and they will grow rapidly now and bloom profusely. Roses, deutzias and dicentras may also be brought forward and started into bloom, and the collection of Dutch bulbs that were potted in the fall should be examined occasionally and the most forward started into growth. All plants as they approach their period of bloom will be greatly benefited by occasional waterings of liquid manure.

Towards the end of the month seeds of abutilon, pansy, verbena, ten-weeks stock, salvias, dianthus, cobaea, maurandya, lophospermum, and others may be sown to secure strong plants for spring and early summer bloom.

Cuttings of geraniums, heliotropes, lantanas, verbenas and other soft wooded plants should be put in whenever they can be obtained. All cuttings should be potted off as soon rooted, and after they become well established, grown on in as cool a temperature as possible to ensure a compact or sturdy growth. Seeds of centaurea candidissima and the other varieties which are grown for their foliage, and also Cineraria maritima should be sown as early in the month as possible, if not already done.

Cacti should be sparingly watered. Now is a good time to graft rhipsalis, epiphyllum, Cereus flagelliformis and other weak growing sorts on Cereus triangularis if large specimens or standard plants are desired.

Carnation cuttings should be put in as early in the month as possible. Plants in bloom should be given liquid manure at times.

Chrysanthemum should be started into growth in order to furnish a supply of cuttings, which should be rooted as soon as they can be procured.

Cyclamens which have filled their pots with roots may be given liquid manure occasionally. Young plants may be shifted if they require it, and seed may be sown to increase the stock.

Fuchsias may now be cut back and started into growth. As soon as growth commences, turn them out of the old pots, reduce the ball of earth and repot in good, fresh soil, using as small pots as possible.

Geraniums that have been grown for winter blooming should be given liquid manure at times. Carefully avoid crowding the plants. Cuttings should be put in to secure plants for summer blooming. Plants rooted in the fall may be shifted on into larger pots if one can give them the necessary space for their proper development.

Insects of all kinds should be guarded against, especially the red spider which, if allowed to obtain a foothold, will increase rapidly from

this time on. An efficient remedy for all insect pests will be found in the Tobacco Insecticide Soap which can be obtained of any seedsman, and which should be used according to the directions which accompany it.

Lantanas should be started into growth, and cuttings rooted as soon as they can be obtained. Repot all that require it. Seed may also be sown now.

Oranges and lemons should be repotted if they require it. Liquid manure should be given occasionally to all plants in a state of growth.

Pelargoniums should be watered more liberally and air given freely. Young stock should be shifted as soon as they require it. Pay due attention to training.

Solanum cuttings of the climbing varieties should be rooted. Seeds of those sorts that are grown for their berries should be sown immediately. Old plants should be treated as advised for fuchsias.

Violets, pansies, and all other plants in cold frames should be aired freely whenever the weather will permit and in pleasant weather the sashes should be removed entirely.

All plants should be neatly and accurately labeled. All empty pots should be washed and stored in readiness for future use; sashes and frames repaired, new ones made if necessary; vases and hanging baskets cleaned, repaired and painted, and everything put in readiness before the rush of spring work is upon us.



ACRIDIUM PEREGRINUM— $\frac{3}{4}$ NATURAL SIZE.

Curious Travelers.

Strange creatures indeed are these travelers (Acridium peregrinum) called locusts, and this particular variety is found in Asia and Africa: They travel from one part of a country to the other, or from country to country. Their flight is from forty to two hundred feet in height and is sometimes even as high as five hundred, while the distance in length often exceeds one thousand miles, more or less, as the case may be, as the distance traveled by the swarms varies according to the food they can procure along the journey, or the temperature they may have to encounter. Strange as it may seem, they cross mountains and even seas in their flight, and have been known to swarm about a vessel that may have chanced in their way. So

great sometimes is the number in a swarm that they have been said to darken the sun as would a cloud, and their wings produce a humming, rushing sound as if a heavy wind were blowing.

They are exceedingly destructive and will devour every atom of vegetation that comes in their way, leaving trees which have been covered with abundant foliage, or a field of grass completely stripped of verdure as if blighted by heavy frost or burnt with fire.

The Caloptenus spretus, or Rocky Mountain locust, almost exactly resembles the Acridium peregrinum, so much so that it seems scarcely distinct from it, although its habits are not migratory for it is principally found in the arid plains east of the Rocky Mountains, and although not of very large size, also is very destructive.

M. E. B.



Will we Build us a Home?

Many of our readers have asked that we give plans of a sensible low priced house, suitable for a moderate income. So here is an \$1800 cottage with feasible modifications. It is a practical suggestion for a grand crusade against all who destroy thrifty habits and make it im-

cottages; that part of your income or wages that you might save for such a purpose must be spent for the pleasure of the society I afford you. I will build cottages and rent them to you so long as you pay regularly and patronize the bar liberally. But remember business is business;



PERSPECTIVE.

possible for workmen to acquire homes. By R. W. Shoppell, Architect.

Fair wages and thrifty habits enable thousands of mechanics and laboring men to build pretty

you can't play any out-of-employment or sickness fakes on me; when you can't pay the rent, out you go like a pack of dogs."

If the people of this generation are growing wiser and stronger, as acute observers declare, it must follow that many of these victims will extricate themselves from the toils, but how are we to help the rest of them? One of the best suggestions is to arouse the powerful laboring organizations. It is understood that Mr. Powderly has already given the subject much consideration. If the Knights of Labor and other organizations enforced temperance principles they would have a fight on hand that would give them all of their old-time importance. Temporarily their ranks would be decimated, but better men would take the places of seceders and the best of the seceders would return. Their old antagonist—capital—would join hands in such a fight, the whole world would applaud and rumsellers would be doomed.

Following will be found a brief description of the quaint and attractive cottage design that illustrates this article:

General Dimensions: Width, 33 ft.; depth, including veranda and porch, 40 ft. 6 inches. Heights of stories: cellar, 6 ft. 6 in.; first story, 9 ft.; second story, 8 ft.

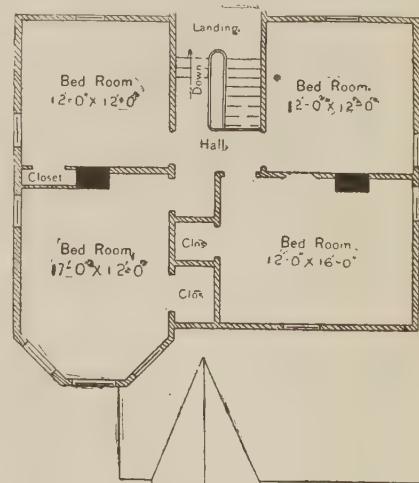
Exterior Materials: Foundations, stone; first story, clapboards; second story, clapboards mitred at corners to produce shingling effect; gables, clapboards; roofs and dormer, shingles.

Interior Finish: Two coat plaster tinted to suit owner. Maple floor in first story, with diagonal under floor of hemlock covered with tarred paper. Second story floor, white pine.

Interior trim, white pine. Stairs, ash. Chair rail in kitchen. Interior woodwork finished with hard oil.

Colors: All clapboards and body of panels in pediment, light brown. All trim and framing of panels in pediment, maroon. Outside doors, sashes, and rain conductors, olive. Veranda floor, tan. Veranda ceiling, Tuscan yellow. All shingles dipped and brush coated with slate-colored stain.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

plans. Cellar under kitchen only. Loft over second story floored for storage purposes. Fireplace and mantel in dining room and in reception hall included in estimate. Large veranda.

Cost: \$1,800, not including heater and range. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less.

Feasible Modifications: Heights of stories, sizes of rooms, materials and colors may be changed. Cellar may be enlarged. Fireplaces and mantels may be omitted. One chimney will serve if heating apparatus be used. Staircase hall may be partitioned from the reception hall, and the stairway re-arranged. Bathroom may be introduced in second story. Veranda may be extended.

What is a Kiss?

Some time since London *Tid-Bits* offered a two guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received, and the prize awarded to the following:

An insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

These definitions were also submitted:

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison, and the hypocrite's mask.

The sweetest labial of the world's language. Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

Nature's Volapuk—the universal language of love.

A woman's trump card in the game of love.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or on the moon either.

The lover's privilege and the pug dog's right.

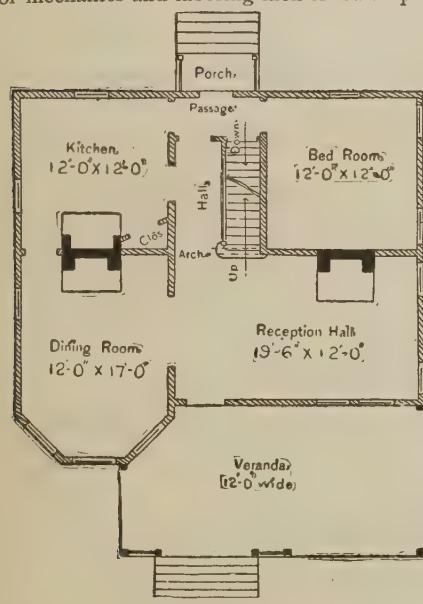
Bearing on the same question the following, from the *University Magazine*, shows what a Vassar girl thought of the subject:

Teacher—"Now, Miss Mildred, you may decline a kiss."

Miss Mildred (slowly)—"Excuse me, but I don't think a kiss can be declined. I never could decline one."

cottages, and other thousands might be equally fortunate except for the rumseller.

Every rumseller lays his heavy hand on a crowd of victims and addresses them substantially in this fashion: "No, you shall not build



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

FLOWERS ON RAILWAYS.

REST FOR TRAVELERS' EYES.

Nothing so pleasant and attractive as flowers around stations.

The Pennsylvania R. R. leads the van in using 150,000 plants in one season.

Ruskin's celebrated objection to railroads as defilers of nature has less and less to command it every year, thanks to the efforts of the railroad companies to make their lines beautiful and attractive to travelers in other ways than by furnishing elegant and rapid means of transit. New and prettier, as well as more comfortable station buildings, have been erected by the great trunk lines, but in no way is the aesthetic sense so pleased as by the adaptation of gardening to the grounds surrounding many of the depots.

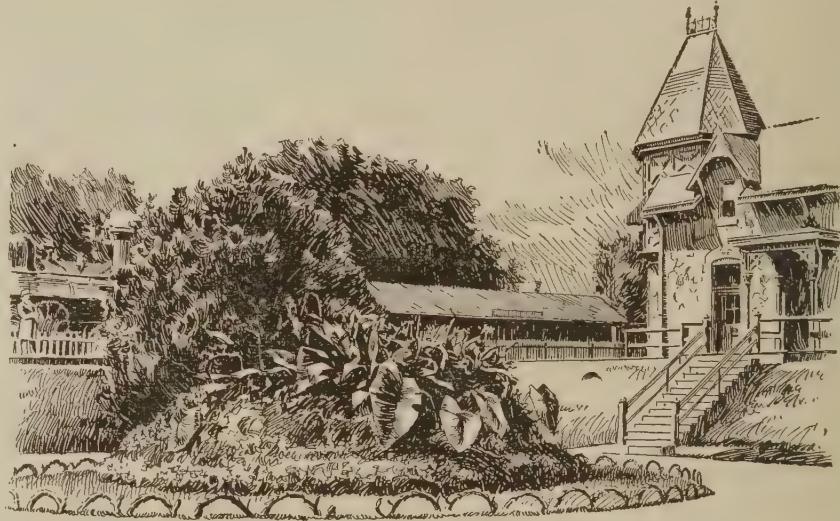
The idea of adorning the immediate vicinity of railway stations with flowers, plants, trees and climbing vines, as well as grass, is of English origin, though a number of the stations on roads in other European countries have long been noted for their beauty. The guard or switch houses, as well as the stations, being surrounded with flowers in great profusion.

The Philadelphia *Times* says that in the United States the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was the first to take up railway gardening. They went into business in that line twelve years ago, in a very small way, and for three years purchased all the plants that were needed for the comparatively few stations which seemed to demand beautifying to attract suburban local travelers. The feature has grown every year, extending to all classes of stations, until the Pennsylvania now has a staff of gardeners regularly employed the whole year caring for the lawns and flower beds about their stations, local as well as terminal, while at Newark, Del., they have a large plant of greenhouses and out-of-door beds for the purpose of furnishing all sorts of horticultural specimens for all the other stations on their various lines.

Newark three times as many flowers as it had ever done before.

Being of natural and not of forced growth this gardening system is in a very healthy state. When the company found that they would have to provide means for supplying themselves with large quantities of plants without being dependent upon the whims and charges of professional horticulturists, they set about looking for a suitable place to establish greenhouses of their own.

besides hydrangeas and shrubs at equal distances from each other. The garden is probably not more than one third as long as the lawn, but it is wider and is filled with lovely ornamental beds. The center bed is twenty-two feet in diameter. In the middle this year was the *Musa ensete*, a species of Abyssinian banana. Around this was a thick row of caladiums, these being of the sort that have a polished and erect leaf. Next came a ring of abutilons, while the outside



A DECORATIVE BED AT WAYNE.

Their attention was drawn to Newark. Mr. J. C. Shivler, who has been the station agent there for many years, since the days when the locomotives burned wood instead of coal, was an earnest gardener and had a good hot house. This was a convenient place, so they made him an offer, which he accepted, and they bought him out.

This was the nucleus of the company's gardening plant, and they have added to it until now there are six greenhouses and 250 sashes of hotbeds. There are two greenhouses of 65 by 20 feet each, two of 65 by 12, one of 48 by

band was of the *acalypha tricolor*. Next was a bed twelve feet across and filled with geraniums, brilliant enough to dazzle the eyes. Another twelve-foot bed was of coleus, with an outside ring of light green and white euphorbias. Close at hand was a smaller bed, only eight feet in diameter, filled with thriving, but dangerous-looking, specimens of cactus. Another bed, more striking, perhaps, than the others, was in the shape of a big butterfly. It was made of three varieties of *alternanthera*—red, bronze and yellow, and of the familiar, bluish-green *echeveria*, a species of house-leek.

But the most attractive bed of all was that on the sloping garden lawn adjacent to the platform, which we illustrate from a photograph loaned us by the superintendent Mr. D. C. Rose. It spelled the name of the station "Newark" in letters of red and yellow *alternanthera*, each character being four feet in height and the whole extending thirty-five feet along the bank. It was quite an artistic piece of work, the two colors being skillfully handled so as to represent the letters as if each was shaded. Other designs were of scrolls, crescents, stars and shields; in fact almost any imaginable figure was reproduced in flowers at one or another of the stations. Carpet beds, as they are called, of the different sorts of *alternanthera*, were also familiar objects at various places.

Conspicuous at Newark are the experimental beds, for in them can be seen some of the loveliest of flowers. One of the most beautiful and stately is the swamp mallow. It is a large white flower of five leaves, with a small red center. It is of the hollyhock family. The veronica is another pretty thing. It is a rather small, star-shaped, purple flower with a yellow center. It grows upon a bush three or four feet in height and is very useful in decorating. The herbaeous sunflower is also a beauty. It is of a deep, rich yellow. The hibiscus, of the same family as the swamp mallow, is of a beautiful pink hue, with a long pink style and yellow stamens. The flowering beet is another ornamental plant, but they have not proved satisfactory to Mr. Rose in charge of the greenhouses, to whom the attractiveness of the Newark garden is chiefly due.

The work of preparing for next season has already begun. It commences annually about the 15th or 20th of September. Propagation of the various plants then begins and is worked at all winter. Shipments commence about May



PENNSYLVANIA R. R.'S DEPOT GROUNDS AT NEWARK STATION, DEL.

Each year the gardens have shown a steady improvement, and an understanding of how the business has grown is afforded in the truthful statement that at the beginning there were purchased for the whole system only as many plants and flowers as are now necessary for the proper adornment of a single station. At the opening of the last summer 128,000 plants of various kinds were shipped from the hot houses at Newark to supply the stations of the company wherever flowers were used in the gardens. The main line, west of Philadelphia, went into the business of decorating its gardens only four years ago and this year ordered from the foreman at

20 and one of 20 by 12. Another will be erected soon. Twenty or twenty-five men are employed during the summer to go up and down the road and visit each station once or twice a week and keep the gardens in order. This is on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad and the Baltimore and Potomac, but the main line and the West Chester branch also have similar sets of employees.

The station garden at Newark is probably the handsomest of any on the lines of the company. It is on the north side of the road, while on the south is a strip of lawn 150 feet long and 30 feet wide, set out in small trees, forty feet apart,

1, and are finished about July 1, when every station has its full supply of flowers. As remarked above, Mr. Rose, whose name by the way is a very appropriate one for a gardener, sent out this past season 128,000 plants of all kinds, yet he had 10,000 left over. This great total included 30,000 coleus, 30,000 alternanthera, 10,000 canna, 10,000 stevia (variegated), 10,000 echeveria, 10,000 vinca, 8,000 dusty miller, 7,000 geraniums, 5,000 Ampelopsis veitchii, or Boston ivy, and 8,000 miscellaneous plants, such as honeysuckles, begonias, trailing vines, veronicas, petunias, etc.

Yet with all these of their own production the company sometimes runs short of general bedding plants, and last year they bought nearly 6,000 to supply a deficiency. Their plant is being enlarged to enable their own staff of hot-house men to meet the demand.

Newark station is forty miles from Philadelphia and fifty-five from Baltimore. It is one mile from the town of Newark. As a number of express trains between New York and Washington stop here the beautiful garden and picturesque station building are remembered by many travelers. The end of the station shown in the picture is completely covered with Boston ivy except the windows and the sign board bearing the name of the station in gilt letters.

Back of and to the east of the garden runs a handsome osage orange hedge, which screens the experimental beds and gives the lawn a finish that could not be afforded by the neatest of fences. West of the station there is a pretty slope covered with fine grass and along the top is a row of handsome Carolina poplars. These trees are frequent objects in the railway gardens. When the row of trees recently planted on the south side of the tracks are grown they will afford more than ample shade. They are, however, of a different variety.

Floral Magazines.

Kate Ellicott, of North Carolina, contributes a bright, sensible article on Floral Magazines to *The Mayflower* for January. The essential portions of which we append. Such kind words about VICK'S, as "dear and delightful, homely and practicable," are evidence that at least one lady is pleased with our efforts to make a good magazine for a reasonable price.

Every woman who takes pleasure and pride in her little, or large collection of plants, should take a Floral magazine. The theoretical hit-or-miss instructions given in the "horticultural columns" of many miscellaneous weekly and monthly journals, always reminded me of Mark Twain's attempt at editing an agricultural paper, when he started off with "The Guano is a fine bird."

A paper that is edited by a practical flower grower is better than any other, you feel then as if the editor's well-known success were an insurance of your own if you follow his directions, and the many practical little hints and homely helps which come in from all sides from other women gardeners, are many of them adaptable to your own use.

* * * * *

The best magazines are not always the highest priced. For instance, *Popular Gardening*, *American Garden*, *Horticultural Journal* and *London Garden*, will not be so much help to the average amateur gardener as *The Mayflower*, VICK'S MAGAZINE, *Orchard and Garden*, and *Park's Magazine*, for the simple reason that they sail over most gardener's heads.

They can tell you in hieroglyphic technical terms, that are Greek to you, how to board up and elevate benches to start plants and cutting, etc., in a greenhouse, which kind of boiler is best for 40x20 greenhouse and how many feet of pipe it will take, how many raspberry and strawberry plants to set in a square acre, etc., and what do you care for all that? Why, nothing! let these field cultivators have their journal all to themselves and take *The Mayflower*

and VICK'S. VICK'S is dear and delightful, and homely and practical, after the same fashion as *Mayflower*. Get up clubs for them, send them bits of useful flower gossip, recommend them and read them well. As with magazines so with books. "Home Floriculture," by Eben Rexford, is a book of great value to floriculturists, either on a large or small scale. Mr. Childs' "Popular Bulbs and their Culture," has brightened many a cottage window garden and Peter Henderson's "Gardening for Pleasure" is a standard help for any flower grower.

Farmers

and consumers of fertilizers would consult their own interest by forming clubs and buying high graded ammoniated Bone Phosphate at wholesale from \$15.00 to \$20.00 per ton. Send six cents to C. E. RICK, General Agent, Fairview, Pa., for samples, circulars, wholesale prices, etc.

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Vick's Floral Guide for 1892.

One writer says: "Of all the charming Seed Catalogues issued this year this one stands at the head." Over

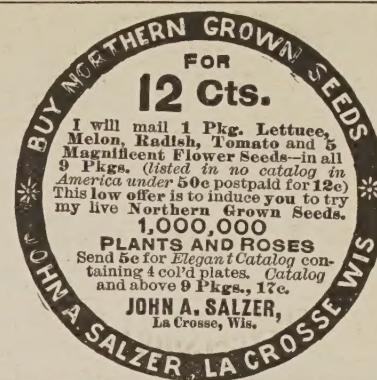
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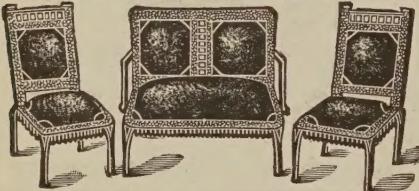
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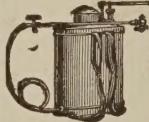
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